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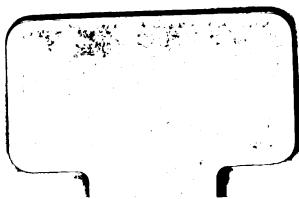
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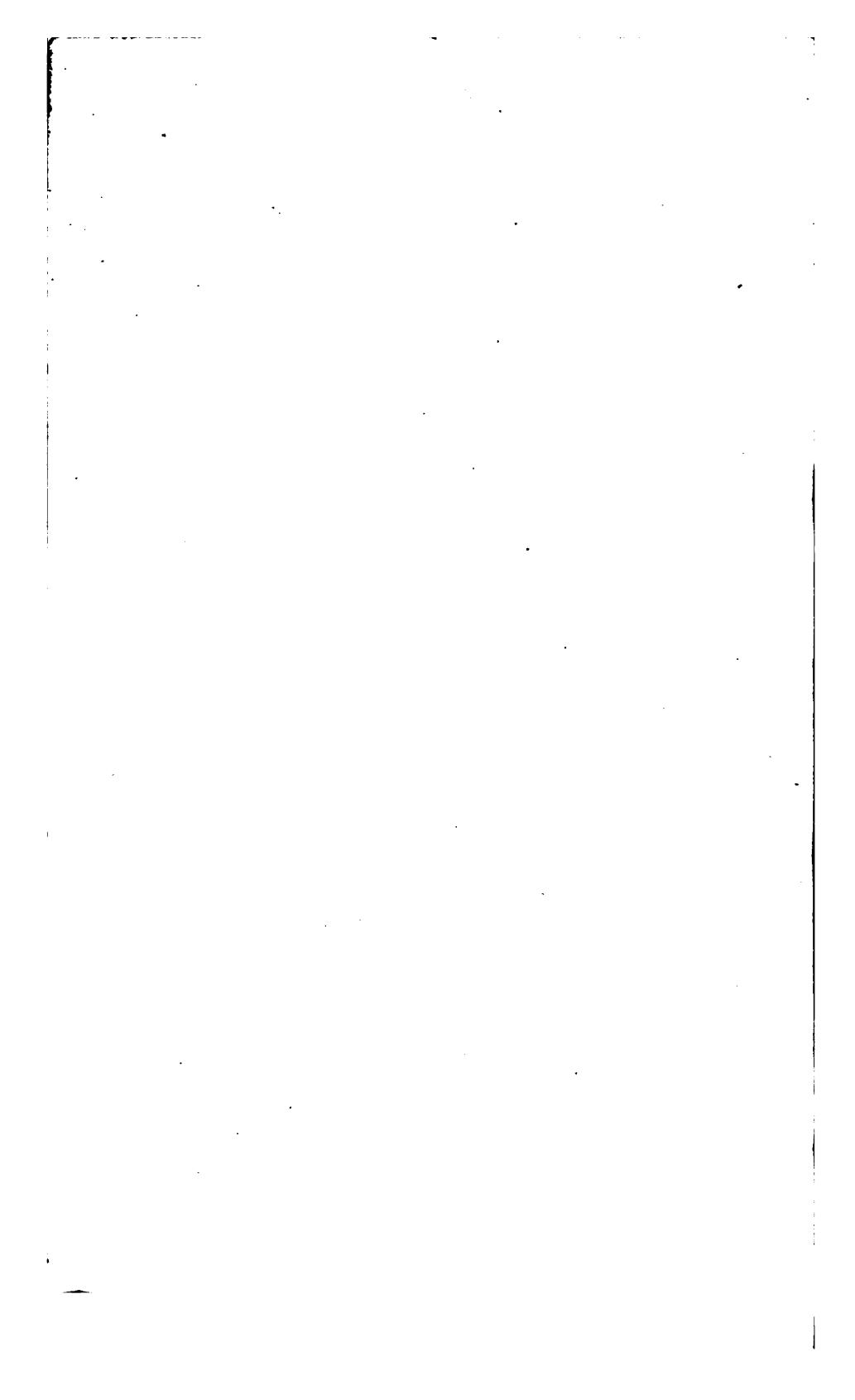
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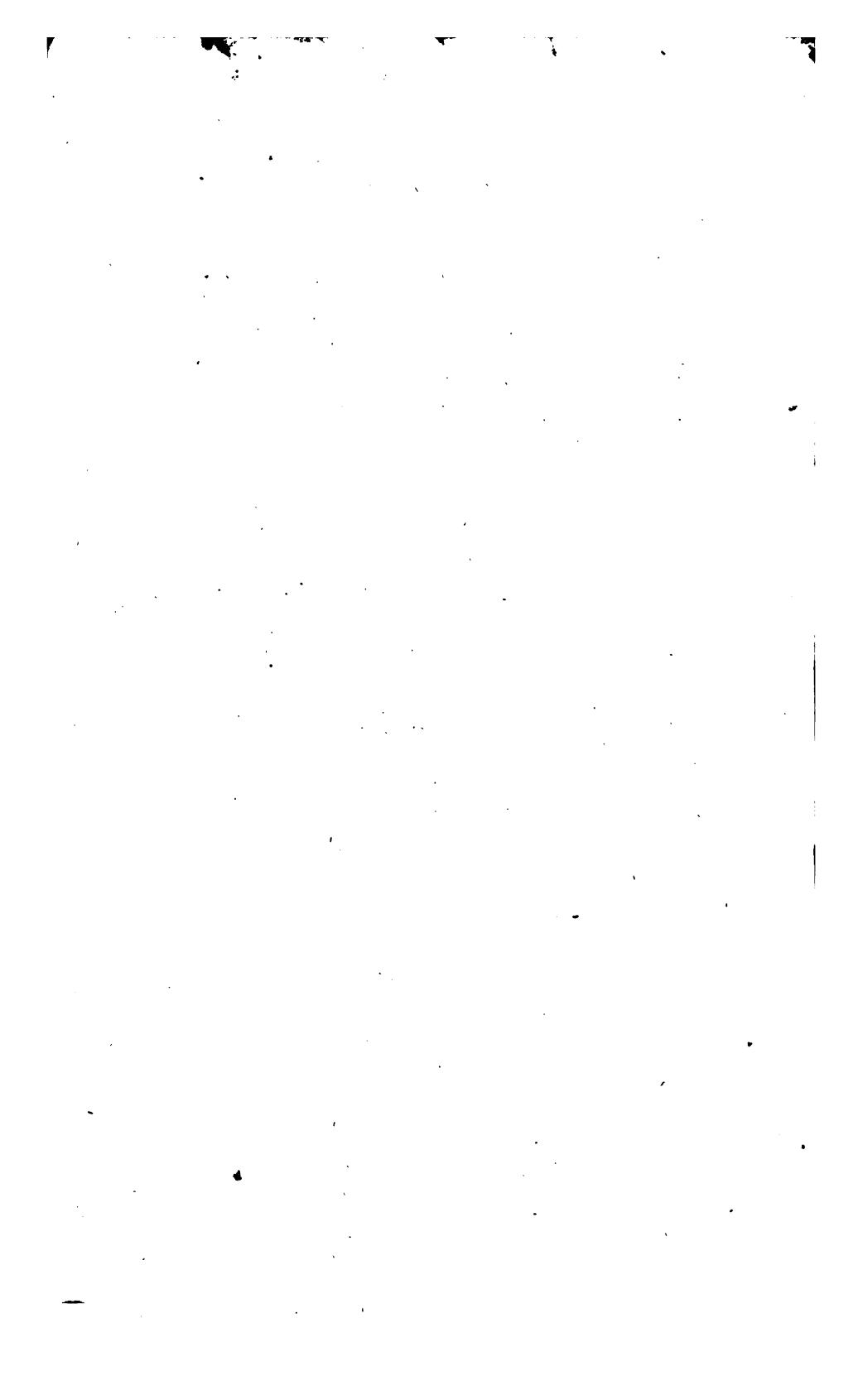


*V. 1/2*

# **SOLOMON LOGWOOD.**

**A RADICAL TALE.**

*&c. &c.*



# SOLOMON LOGWOOD.

A Radical Tale.

BY OLD TOM OF OXFORD.



Ob, TRAITORS and BAWDS, how earnestly are you set a-work, and  
how ill requited !

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at a brothel-  
house door for the sign of BLIND CUPID.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR W. WRIGHT, 46, FLEET STREET

1820.

[Price One Shilling.]

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY W. SHACKELL, JOHNSON'S-COURT

## **SOLOMON LOGWOOD.**

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### **PART I.**

---

GIVE ear, good folk, of every sort ;  
I sing in doleful strains,  
How Satan addleth oft in sport  
The very wisest brains.

Our Logwood was a citizen  
Much coveting renown,  
And twice Lord Mayor had chosen been  
For famous London town.

He then possess'd good store of gold :  
And, with a conscience clear,  
Good store of drugs he also sold  
To purify our beer.

And when men prais'd his skill in trade,  
And profits waxed great,  
He thought the self-same skill might aim  
To purify the State.

And when he was proclaim'd Lord Mayor  
With boasts he did aver  
That no man in the civic chair  
Should make so great a stir.

So up and down through London town,  
With rod and power went he,  
And lo ! whatever there was done,  
The doer he would be.

Yea, damsels all of wanton lives  
He chased from the street,  
And gain'd the praise of London's wives,  
As was but fit and meet.

Well watch'd he noisy Billingsgate,  
Where fish-wives curse and swear,  
And oft in ambush did await  
To catch them napping there.

Stale mackarel, and stinking soals,  
 And herrings with red eye,  
 Quak'd at his coming, and in shoals  
 Back to the Thames did fly.

Next bought he game and venison,  
 With store of costly wine,  
 And Lords and Princes many a one  
 Must needs invite to dine.

“Come see,” said he, “the zeal I boast  
 “For Justice and the King ;  
 “Come eat and revel at my cost,  
 “And friends and kinsmen bring.”

“Yea, let us go,” said they ; “this man,  
 “Who loveth high-born folk,  
 “And courteth them in all he can,  
 “Deserveth not our joke.”

They ate, and pledg'd him cheerily,  
 And prais'd his wine and meat,  
 Whereat, good man ! for very glee  
 He scarce could keep his seat.

And in his pride of heart he sware  
To Prince and noble guest,  
That brother Fishmongers they were,  
And welcome to his best.

The Devil passing, shook his head  
To see this merry cheer,  
And to that feasting Mayor he said  
With envious grin and sneer :

“ Now sit’st thou in thy proper place,  
“ Where I’ve no power on thee,  
“ But cross thy bounds, and quit thy mace,  
“ And I’ll revenged be.

“ Nor doubt I soon of cause enow  
“ To wreak on thee my spite,  
“ For, save in city chair, I trow  
“ Thou art a shallow wight.”

So ponder now, my masters dear,  
Who love vain-glory well,  
And Satan’s baleful snares you’ll hear,  
By which this wise man fell.

## PART II.

At length, his pride and evil star  
Drew him in evil hour  
Beyond the gates of Temple Bar,  
Where wicked fiends had power.

Then left he in disdainful sort  
His house in Cripplegate,  
And took a mansion near the court  
To mingle with the great.

And soon, as one of high degree,  
A journey he must take  
Unto the vale Chamouny,  
By fam'd Geneva's lake.

And there in tavern book he wrote  
Whate'er he did or thought,  
That comers might thereof take note,  
And marvel, and be taught.

At Paris he sent round his name  
 As London's "feu Lord Mayor,"  
 And proudly heralding the same,  
 Went smiling everywhere.

Whereat the Frenchmen all did stare,  
 As well indeed they might,  
 To see and hear a "dead Lord Mayor"  
 Restored to life and light.

But when in pride of heart he came  
 To merry England back,  
 He found, ah, well-a-day ! that fame  
 And trade were growing slack.

A chymist rare and craftsman skill'd,  
 Whom fame did high exalt,  
 One Accum, had a book compil'd  
 In praise of hops and malt.

And lo ! in London's Mansion Hall  
 Another held his place ;  
 Now was not his, ye gentles all,  
 A hard and piteous case ?

Now frequent rumours reach'd our coast  
 About this self-same time,  
 That England's Queen did homeward post  
 From Italy's fair clime.

Then, pondering of the safest course,  
 All scandal to prevent,  
 Our good King and his counsellors  
 In haste this warning sent.

“Lady, by Rumour's mouth are told  
 “Tales of more heinous sort,  
 “Than those which did procure of old  
 “Thy banishment from court.

“Now, therefore, keep thy counsel well,  
 “Nor come to breed debate ;  
 “Thou shalt have means abroad to dwell  
 “As fits thy royal state.

“Free art thou at thy will to roam,  
 “And we will question nought ;  
 “But if to England's realm thou come,  
 “The truth must needs be sought.”

But she, as is the way of some,  
Opin'd, that proffers free  
From fear alone perforce must come,  
And not from courtesy.

So thinking at her pleasure good,  
All this and more to gain,  
Homeward, as one in scornful mood,  
Her journey she hath ta'en.

Whereat from Orkney to Land's End,  
Arose a mighty strife,  
And some did blame, and some commend  
Her converse and her life.

All knew, by common fame, that she  
Had ta'en for Seneschal  
A hobby-groom of low degree,  
Just loos'd from prison-thrall.

How that his kin held each a post,  
From babe to aged crone,  
And feasted daily at her cost,  
—All save his wife alone.

How from high lords and dames she fled  
 With these to eat and joke ;  
 And from no love, as many said,  
 But love of honest folk.

All knew the man quick raised from nought,  
 To wealth and titles high,  
 And yet like cat and dog they fought  
 About the reason why.

When Logwood saw that strife was fierce,  
 And clamours hotter grown,  
 And men together by the ears,  
 He pricked up his own.

And Satan, who is ne'er asleep  
 When wise ones may be caught,  
 Into those ears did whisper deep  
 A right vain-glorious thought.

“Up, up,” quoth he, “arise, my son,  
 “And earn some fame anew ;  
 “Ho ! sleep’st thou thus, son Solomon,  
 “Amid this grand to-do ?

“ ’Twere shame, that one of royal line

“ Should e'er in vain demand

“ A man of parts and mien like thine,

“ To sit at her right hand.

“ Bring but this royal Lady o'er,

“ I promise, by the mass,

“ Thou shalt be drawn by rogues once more

“ Instead of horse or ass.

“ Remember too, this C—l—ne

“ Can give, if once in power,

“ Th' endowment of St. Catherine,

“ A rich place near the Tower.”

Then up he rose as he was bid,

In hope of fame and pelf,

Took ship forthwith, and went and did

As said that tempting elf.

He found her train bereft, I wot,

Of English gentles all,

Who found some cause for liking not

The sturdy Seneschal.

And now in haste Sir Currycomb  
Must first dismissed be ;  
So to his wife and new-bought home,  
Right joyfully went he.

Next in his stead they did procure  
A dame of noble race,  
To stop foul mouths, and make all sure,  
And all past tales out-face.

Thus, all things being fitly done,  
No farther time they lost,  
But quickly now their way they won  
Unto the BRITISH coast.

And with the Queen through London street,  
This happy man did ride,  
And many a look and smile so sweet,  
He cast from side to side.

As if he said with gracious mien,  
“ Thanks for this courtesy ;  
“ One half is due to England’s Queen,  
“ The other half to me.”

Thus, as in fables may be read,  
On coach-wheel rode the Fly ;  
“ By me this dust is made,” he said ;  
“ And who so great as I ? ”

## PART III.

So on they drove to A——y-street,  
And lighted at his door,  
Out came his wife her lord to meet,  
Perplexed with trouble sore.

For lo ! she saw him bustling quick  
Amid that royal train,  
As if the weight of honours thick  
Had well-nigh turned his brain.

And next she spied her son, the joy,  
The darling of her age,  
Come handing in a foundling boy,  
The royal Dame's foot-page.

She swell'd in secret, but no word  
Of taunt or anger spake,  
Whereat at length her busy lord  
The silence deign'd to break.

“ Wife, pack up all thy body gear,  
“ And speedily give place;  
“ Our gracious Queen lacks house room here,  
“ And fit and ample space.

“ Thou see’st that this her chamber-page  
“ Is a tall stripling grown,  
“ And is, as well she saith, of age,  
“ To go and sleep alone.

“ Know also, that her Majesty,  
“ Where e’er to lodge she goes,  
“ Loves under her own gracious eye  
“ These matters to dispose.

“ Nor brooks she that men’s wedded wives  
“ Should harbour in the house,  
“ As some folks garlic loath, or chives,  
“ And some hate rat, or mouse.

“ Nay, fear not for my marriage vow,  
“ But set thy mind at rest;  
“ I in the parlour here below,  
“ Each night must take my rest.

“ How should my Sovereign guarded be  
“ From plot and murder fell,  
“ Without a man of note like me  
“ To watch the passage well?

“ On our first floor she sleeps alone,  
“ Save that this worthy wight,  
“ Must have the chamber next her own  
“ To keep off ghost and sprite.

“ Her present chamberlain so stout  
“ Is he ; of German race ;  
“ And bears this sofa-bed about  
“ In virtue of his place.

“ Therefore on him no thought bestow ;  
“ And for these handmaids gay,  
“ To topmost garret they must go :  
—“ Such is her custom aye.

“ Next, yonder dame of honour brave  
“ Takes up the bed-room spare,  
“ And this fair stripling page must have  
“ The nursery to his share.

“ So thus no place for thee and thine

“ Is left, as well thou seest :

“ So seek some inn to sleep and dine ;

“ Thou hast my leave to feast.

“ And speed ye all to Margate’s coast

“ Before to-morrow’s noon ;

“ Spare thou no cost, but take the post,

“ And do my bidding soon.”

Whereat this well esteemed dame

Obeyed right suddenly,

As one who doth from house in flame

Or plague-struck chamber flee.

For household stuff turn’d upside-down

Although it vex’d her sore,

Yet care for fame and fair renown

Did trouble her far more.

Yet still she deem’d to sooth her mind

That he in secret heart,

Good reasons for this haste might find,

Which he would not impart.

Now when unto his lonely bed  
Down for the night went he,  
Like mad-brain'd bridegroom newly wed  
He gave a loose to glee.

Then up and down with sheer delight  
He danced in his shirt,  
And slept no wink that live long night  
For thoughts of high desert.

And out of window did he look  
At three o'clock and four,  
To see if men their beds forsook  
To gather at his door.

“ Let no man now my parts despise,”  
“ Let princes dread my ire ;  
“ Hurrah ! I’ve won the Royal Prize,  
“ I’ve gain’d my soul’s desire !”

## PART IV.

THE morning came ; the Dover mail  
Quick on their footsteps brought  
A haggard man, with anger pale,  
And craz'd with fretful thought.

For he full many a sleepless night  
Had pass'd on road and deck,  
And in his haste to stay their flight  
Had well nigh broke his neck.

And when he heard from loud report  
How just arrived they were,  
And where she held her revel court,  
Good luck ! how he did swear !

And straight in haste his way he took  
To where in deep debate  
Her legal men all sat, and shook  
Each man his puzzled pate.

Up rose they every one, right glad  
 To see their council's chief ;  
 His step was quick, his brow was sad,  
 His greeting rude and brief.

“A murrain catch the vicious jade !”  
 Were the first words he spoke ;  
 “Bolted,\* by Heav'n ! and stolen or stray'd,  
 “With bit and bridle broke.”

“See, she hath kick'd me off in sport,  
 “Spite of my wariest skill ;  
 “Gone, gone with asses wild to snort,  
 “And work her wayward will.”

“Speak'st thou of this high dame,” said they,  
 “As of a skittish horse ?”  
 “Ay, troth,” quoth he, “'tis play or pay,  
 “And we must ride the course.

\* A lawyer of eminence is reported to have angrily applied this very expression to an imprudent step taken by his illustrious client.

“ I thought to keep her still from home,

“ And set curst tales at rest :

“ But, Sirs, the upshot now is come,

“ And we must do our best.

“ Ill fare that witless Mar-the-plot,

“ That Log with Wooden name,

“ Fit only to heat doubly hot

“ The devil’s hottest flame !

“ Lo, all this fruitful mischief springs

“ From one old crab-tree root.”

—“ Nay, peace,” said they, “ these angry flings

“ Are little to our boot.

“ Thou, brother, hast an heritage

“ Of good farms one or two,

“ And canst afford this noble rage,

“ Which we, Sir, cannot do.

“ Let us maintain our cause with skill,

“ Nor blush or flinch one jot,

“ And speed we well, or speed we ill,

“ In sooth it matters not.

“ The world, who sees and hears us plead,  
 “ In any case shall say,  
 “ These men are bold and good at need,  
 “ And merit noble pay.”

“ Well said,” quoth he, “ let’s play our game,  
 “ And I will stick at nought:  
 “ In fouler cause than e’en this same,  
 “ Stout battle I have fought.

“ Come, brother Teazer, whet thy wit,  
 “ And set like brass thy face ;  
 “ Come, Penman, show thyself no whit  
 “ Degenerate from thy race.

“ Thy sire, a sage and skilful wight,  
 “ A special gift possess’d  
 “ Of dragging *Innocence* to light,  
 “ And aiding dames distrest.”

So, gentles, having left them there,  
 Their different parts to con,  
 Return we to that royal Fair,  
 And happy Solomon.

## PART V.

ONE truth knows every child perforce  
Without the aid of school ;  
—That grandame Nature steers her course  
By certain line and rule.

Nor ever from her wonted way  
Departeth less or more ;  
For mongrels bay, and asses bray,  
As did their sires before.

And thus fell out the very thing  
Which might have been foreseen,  
That all who loved not the King  
Made party with the Queen.

And when the Lords in state were met,  
And she must be arraign'd,  
All who had discontent or debt,  
Or law and rule disdain'd,

All idle knaves who lov'd a stir,  
 Or louts who lov'd to stare,  
 Throng'd all the streets of Westminster,  
 And made it like a fair.

Such, with good store of rogue and whore,  
 Each different end did draw  
 Each day before that Lady's door,  
 As Solomon foresaw.

Then,\* when some passing country knight  
 Did mingle in the throng,  
 And fain would see the royal sight,  
 But could not tarry long,

Young urchins for the smallest coin  
 Would at his bidding shout,  
 And aye, when one or two did join  
 To call the fair one out,

Then thrust she forth her princely face  
 Unto the crowd below,  
 Like wooden dame in weather-case,  
 Or Joan in puppet-show.

\* A fact authenticated by many people's experience.

And o'er her ample shoulder oft  
 Thrust Logwood too, his chin,  
 And smil'd with gracious mien and soft,  
*His* share of praise to win.

Oh! simple wight of shallow pate!  
 Who joy'st in such applause,  
 And know'st not how such concourse great  
 Oft springs from trifling cause!

For whether beggars sham a fit,  
 Or angry turnspits fight,  
 Or drabs contend with fist or wit,  
 They gather with delight.

And with them knave and cutpurse bold  
 Who for good profit look;  
 As gudgeon and shrewd pike of old,  
 Haunt in the self-same brook.

—Enough of this. Now, every day,  
 While lasted their debate,  
 To House of Peers this lady gay  
 Must needs proceed in state.

And oft, while gravely they explor'd  
 Her misdemeanors high,  
 She rose to play at shuffle-board,\*  
 And laugh in room hard by.

Ask not for shame and courtesy,  
 Ye dames and damsels fair,  
 Ask not, I pray, (at least of me  
 What these high charges were.

My muse, so gentle, only sings  
 Of quaint device and joke,  
 And treats not of unseemly things  
 Unfit for Christian folk.

And briefly too describeth she  
 For very credence sake,  
 The din which with impunity  
 That revel rout did make.

How, when the Peers unarm'd did pass,  
 They singled from the rest,  
 And fell on him who bravest was,  
 And served his country best.

\* Or call it backgammon.—*Verbum sat.*

How, in pure love to Freedom fair,  
 They hooted, flung, and spit  
 At such as chose their hats to wear,  
 And did as seem'd them fit.

Blazoning each day the Queen's approach  
 Came Solomon, proud man !  
 And cleared the way before her coach,  
 In gig or *padovan*.\*

And when before the assembled Peers,  
 He fain would hand the Dame,  
 Nor stern rebuff, nor laughs nor sneers,  
 Caused him one blush of shame.

And when one day his one horse-chaise  
 Was broke by market cart,  
 He filled the papers with the praise  
 Of his own valiant heart.

How that, the fearful shock to shun,  
 And save his *padovan*,  
 He did† a deed achiev'd by none  
 But bold and honest man.

\* Padovanello, a vehicle used by persons of royal rank, and likely to become fashionable.

† See the Radical Papers of the day.

How, holding fast his "conscience clear,"  
And holding fast his breath,  
He—drove against a wall and there  
Did calmly wait his death.

So Punch doth gibber, squeak and crow,  
To gaping country-folk,  
Pleas'd, after truncheon bout, to show  
His wooden pate unbroke.

And Logwood too, in very deed,  
Was Punch of that Rag-Fair,  
And crow'd to tell how he did speed,  
And all he did elsewhere.

## PART VI.

Now every day this merry scene  
Was acted o'er and o'er,  
'Till tir'd at length, our gracious Queen  
Did covet somewhat more.

So quickly to each market-town,  
Each village and high-way,  
With pen in hand her friends went down  
Their numbers to array.

And these must set their hands to prove  
That King and Lords are nought,  
That she was pure as Heav'n above,  
And all who blam'd her, bought.

Then, for that able-bodied men  
Subscrib'd but very few,  
And gentlemen no word would pen  
Until the truth they knew.

Each took a tempting bright half-crown  
 Or shilling from his fob,  
 And brib'd the bell-man of the town  
 To aid him in the job.

Then drove that officer his trade  
 At every pot-house door,  
 And like a rat-catcher was paid  
 So much for every score.

And if the schoolmaster refus'd  
 To work for scanty pelf,  
 In zeal for innocence accus'd,  
 He wrote the address himself.

But since, alas ! with might and main  
 But little good he wrought,  
 Down his employers came again,  
 Resolv'd to stick at nought :

And to the work-houses they took  
 In haste their desperate way,  
 In every dirty hole to look,  
 And every means essay.

Thus soon they muster'd names enough  
 Of crippled and bed-rid,  
 Brib'd grannies with a pinch of snuff,  
 And grey-beards with a quid.

I own that some of these for nought  
 To set their mark were fain,  
 For honours such as these, they thought,  
 Might ne'er be theirs again.

And paupers, with a groat enrich'd,  
 Did write down every morn  
 Their bantlings, whether frock'd or breech'd  
 And such as died still-born.

In sooth they grudged no cheap bribe,  
 Nor spared soft address,  
 To make the elder babes subscribe,  
 And their good-will express.

Sweet sugar-sops and treacle drops  
 They held up in their sight,  
 And clear'd the shops of lolly-pops,  
 To win each weakly wight.

And tho' the younger brats could not  
Yet " lisp the royal name,"  
By proxy still their own they wrote,  
With gaffer and with dame.

Thus small and great you might espy  
Making in lists a shew,  
Like monumental family  
All kneeling in a row.

Meanwhile did Logwood and his clan  
From secret funds prepare  
To do their part too in the plan,  
And grace it with an air.

So hearing that from Mary-bone  
Addresses would be sent,  
Into that quarter, one by one,  
To pot-houses they went.

Whispering, that such as could not hire  
Coach and apparel meet,  
Should be equipt to their desire  
The Royal dame to greet.

And soon behold each agent's shop  
 In Monmouth-street o'erflows  
 With pot-girl, 'prentice, dolly-mop,  
 And mud-lark with his spouse.

Yet these, alas! when wash'd and drest  
 And rang'd in order fair,  
 Look'd tawdry scarecrows at the best,  
 And made poor Logwood swear.

So, cap in hand, for better aid  
 He went to a sage dame  
 Who plied that quarter's staple trade,  
 And bore his own fair name.

But she, although he pleaded kin,  
 And ask'd with smiling face,  
 Soon thrust him out with angry din,  
 As proffering foul disgrace.

“Sirrah! my wards with groom and hind  
 “A romping scorn to go,  
 “And ne'er demean themselves, d'ye mind,  
 “Like some great folks I know.”

Then next to nymphs of humbler vein  
Behold him sue and smile,  
Whom whilom he did oft constrain  
With lash and durance vile.

These gave their ire at first full scope,  
And let him scarce approach,  
Yet soon relented at the hope  
Of feathers, rings, and coach.

In truth it was a merry sight,  
To see how grave they rode,  
To greet with wonder and delight  
The Queen at her abode,

Encountering often shout and cheer,  
And often, taunting speech,  
From roguish boys, who lov'd to jeer,  
And knew the trade of each.

But when they reach'd the levee-room  
And march'd up to kiss hands,  
How Solomon did sweat and fume,  
And whisper his commands !

In vain he bustled in the throng  
To set all matters right,  
They would perversely all go wrong,  
As if from spell or spite.

Some gaped at furniture and shelves,  
When motion'd on to pass,  
And some would stop to see themselves  
All in the great pier-glass.

The free and easy sort shook well  
The proffer'd hand like friends ;  
The sheep-fac'd, sidling backward, fell  
Upon their nether ends.

I pass, how crowds of ragged loons  
Who came along in rear of these  
Essay'd to steal the silver spoons,  
And spoilt the shrubbery trees.

And when at last with toil and pain  
The show was bustled o'er,  
Like lady turned to mouse again  
They were themselves once more.

Now those who managed this concern  
Had ordered prudently  
That only on the train's return  
Should drink be issued free.

So now adieu to make believe  
And these poor thirsty souls,  
Returning, did their strength retrieve  
With free and flowing bowls.

Then sweep or night-man's decent spouse  
Quitting her coach and four  
Return'd to labours of the house  
Like Cinderel of yore.

The rest they revell'd till next morn  
With gin and merry lay,  
And many a bastard yet unborn  
May thank that levee day.

Now, Gentles, we will not proceed,  
For Solomon's asleep,  
And after such day's toil, doth need  
A slumber sound and deep.

And Punch, at rest in sober mood,  
When jerk and squeak are o'er,  
Is also nought but *dirty Wood*,  
And entertains no more.

THE END.

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